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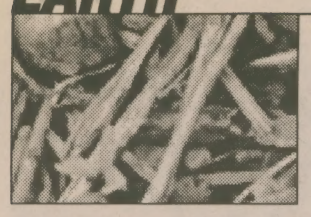

Barefoot in the garden:

the sensual ethics of growing your own food

BY KEN HENDERSON

When I was a kid, I used to imagine what my life would be like when I was 24. I pictured a basketball rolling across the court of a giant indoor sports arena, stopping at my feet.

I would be known as Ken 'White Bear' Henderson. I would play basketball for North Carolina University. Things have changed since grade four.

Though I still enjoy a friendly game of hoops, I no longer dream of fortune and fame. Instead, my nighttime journeys take me over rolling hills budding with juicy spinach and spicy arugula. Sometimes when I sleep I dream of raindrops falling on sunflowers, of sweet peas that weave their way up into the sky.

There are many reasons to garden. It is a good way to spend time outside and it brings you in touch with the cycles of the earth. Being barefoot in the garden is a good way to relax after a long day of study or work.

There is something incredibly satisfying about walking out into the garden at the end of a hot day and noticing how much the plants have grown since your last visit.

Not only is gardening good for you, it is also good for the earth. The average fruit or vegetable eaten in B.C. travels 1,400 km before it arrives at its final destination.

A huge amount of fuel is consumed during the transportation process, and the food sits for long periods of time in dusty trucks and dark warehouses. Gardening is a way to bridge the distance between you and the food that you eat.

It takes me only 24 steps to transport my greens from garden to kitchen, and I usually manage to eat them along the way.

In the garden it's easy to lose track of time. I I usually go out to see how things are growing each morning, never intending to be out for more than a few minutes.

But after watering one plant I inevitably spot a patch of weeds encroaching upon the food supply so I vigourously uproot them until my gaze falls upon some recent addition to the garden that isn't doing so well.

These days, it is the tomato plants that need help.

I grab some compost and work it into the soil, pause briefly to talk to my neighbour who is out working in his garden, and by then the morning is well on it's way.

My next-door neighbour has been a gardener for a few years now, and every year his gardening activities become more peculiar. One day last fall I came home to find Scott on his hands and knees on the front lawn, kneeling behind a string which hung from a mount.

Scott marked the spot where the string's shadow cast itself onto a blank piece of paper he had laid across the lawn. I asked him what he was doing, and he casually replied, "I'm measuring the arc of the sun." Hmm.

I'm not exactly sure what the use is of knowing the sun's arc at a given point in the year, but it is interesting to note that Scott no longer has a front lawn.

Rolling hills of chard, sunflowers and romaine lettuce now grow in the spot that was once a sea of grass. I have noticed that Scott's chard is incredibly tall and perky, and I can't help but wonder if his scientific measurements have anything to do with it.

As far as choosing what to grow in the garden, personally I like to grow lots of greens – kale, chard, spinach and lettuce – as well as some heartier stuff like beets, peas and garlic. Potatoes are easy to grow but they're so cheap to buy at the store that I prefer to use the garden space to grow other veggies.

One salad variety that is popular with gardeners is called Mesclun. It is a mix of different kinds of specialty lettuces, some spicy, others sweet.

This ain't your average iceburg lettuce – Mesclun-type greens cost $2.50 per 100 grams at the organic section of Thrifty's.

If you want to eat a fair sized dinner salad, it will cost you five bucks. But if you plant the Mesclun seeds yourself, you can eat the stuff every day without paying a cent. (Just look for the West Coast Seeds label, $2.50 for 1,700 seeds.)

If you are thinking of giving gardening a try this summer but are weary of overextending yourself, there are a few things you should know.

Gardening doesn't have to take up much of your time. You can turn soil and seed a bed in a few hours; after that it is just a matter of watering and weeding.

Just make sure to add a bunch of compost or mushroom manure to improve the soil quality. Now is a good time to plant, but you could wait until early July to start your garden and still get a good crop of greens by the end of summer.

Plant in a spot that gets at least four hours of direct sunlight a day, and water the plants well a few times a week. If you want to garden but don't have a space to do it, check out the UVic Community Garden plots on Sinclair Rd. or call them at 380-2958.

Ken shows his garden to some curious kids in the neighbourhood...
Photos by Pam Hawthorn

politically speaking....

On the political front, there are many reasons to grow your own food. Right now, Vancouver Island imports over 90 per cent of the produce that we consume. While produce at the grocery store is quite cheap, the hidden costs of importing food are severe. Tropical fruits such as bananas and pineapples are grown on plantations that rely on heavy chemicals and cheap labour.

For every dollar we spend on tropical products, only 15 cents actually goes to the producing countries. And only a sliver of that actually ends up in the hands of the people who work the land.

By growing as much as you can in your backyard and by buying local fruits and veggies, you encourage community-based agriculture which benefits individuals rather than large multinational food companies such as Dole and Del Monte.

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letters:

the martlet has an open letters policy and will endeavor to print every letter received from the university community, with priority given to undergraduate students. Letters must be typewritten, submitted on disk or on e-mail and include your name and phone number for verification. Letters must be 200 words maximum. Letters will be reviewed for libel at the martlet editorial meeting on the week of publication. Deadline for letters is the Friday noon before publication date. Letters will be prioritized by order received. Letters with pseudonyms or group names will not be printed. Anonymous letters will not be printed.

political speak

Taking the radical path towards activism

BY KATHRYN SAUNDERS

Why be an activist in today's techno-pro-capitalist world? For me it has a lot to do with autonomy. My own autonomy and yours.

Coming to this understanding has taken me a long time and many mistakes. A lot of my learning has been at the expense of others.

I became part of the activist community as a teenager during the 1980s anti-apartheid movement – a time when the struggle of the South African people was gaining support from the mainstream.

I was young and naïve and outraged that these injustices were being carried out with sanctions from our own government and other nation states. I learned that South Africa's system of segregation was based on Canada's reservation system and that the only difference between apartheid and the Indian Act was that the Indian Act was still in place.

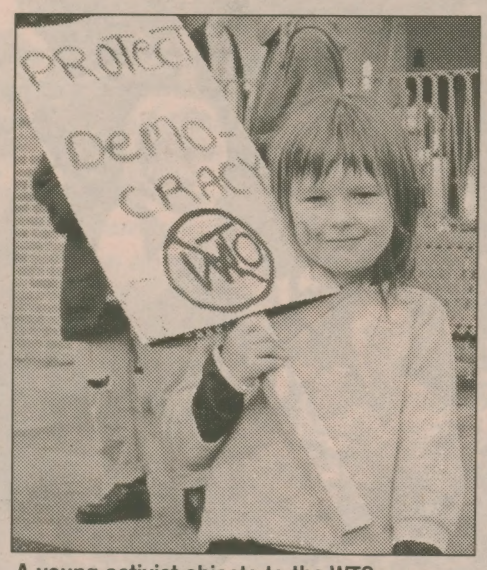
Learning this began the radicalization of my politics.

Engaging in activism for me has been a struggle of un-learning. It began with a rejection of values and principles with which I had been brought up. It continues with a growing understanding of the social constructs which limit my ability to think beyond the boundaries they create.

What I was taught: Always respect other people's opinions.

What I learned: Respect can be a euphemism for passivity.

I was once in a class discussing feminism when a man said that he was concerned about the "little girl down the street who dressed like a boy and acted like a boy."



A young activist objects to the WTO.
Photo by Craig Battle.

No one said anything out of respect for his idiotic, paternalistic, homophobic, stupid-asshole comments. What kind of respect is that? Passivity means that stupid people get the last word.

What I was taught: That if you work hard then you will be rewarded.

What I learned: If I work hard for someone else then they will be rewarded.

Those in power, those who own, will find a way to exploit my labour to their benefit. My labour is my own valuable commodity under capitalism. It is mine and I will not sell it to the lowest bidder. People would be lucky to have me as a worker.

I will not be grateful to be given the opportunity to make money for someone. They will be lucky to have me.

Work as little as possible – my time is my reward.

What I was taught: School is good. School is where the learnin' happens.

What I learned: This is clearly bullshit. The longer I spend in school the more entrenched I become in a system of exploitation and privilege.

I owe a great deal of thanks to those in my life who have challenged my beliefs and have not let me get away with ignorance, often at their own expense.

The people I have learned from have motivated my own activism, people who have survived the horrors of capitalism-induced poverty and both state and domestic violence, people who are activists not because they choose to be but because their circumstances gave them no choice.

What I was taught: All families have secrets; don't talk about them and everyone will think we're normal.

What I learned: All families are fucked up. Most families have a history of sexual abuse somewhere along the line.

Mental health issues are common and need to be nurtured and brought into the open. The more we talk about what we're not supposed to, the better we feel. Everyone is queer. (Okay. Maybe only in my family)

What I was taught: If you want to snag yourself a good man who will support you then lose some weight and act dumb.

What I learned: Fat chicks rule. We need to take up more than the little space we try to. Support doesn't come in the form of money. The way to snag a good woman is to speak your mind and always let your knowledge shine.

What I was taught: This land is our land. This land is your land from Nova Scotia to Vancouver Island.

What I learned: This land is not mine. This land is not ours. This land was stolen. Racism is what prevents outcries over the genocide committed against the First Peoples. My own comfort comes at the expense of the impoverishment of First Nations peoples.

What I was taught: Call the police if someone tries to hurt you.

What I learned: The police are the true army of the capitalist state. If I condemn the actions of the state the police will be the first ones to hurt me.

What I was taught: Always vote; your vote is your voice.

What I learned: As Utah Phillips says "If voting made a damn bit of difference, it would be illegal." The ruling class is the ruling class whether I vote for them or not.

I have the knowledge and the skills to make decisions for myself. I do not need to be taken care of.

Anarchy is a peaceful word.

culture speak

Maple syrup and crackheads: *decoding the Can-US cultural rivalry*

BY DAVID CROTHALL

I first came to this country of maple syrup, igloos, and hockey when I was but a wee strapping lad. Despite living just two hours from the border that doubled as a weather line – snow to the north, sun to the south – and a line of latitude, I had never heard of Canada.

Remembering that I was eight, I hadn't heard of too much beyond picking my nose – a nasty habit I haven't been able to kick – and Transformers. Nevertheless, my kindergarten to grade four American education excluded Canada, and the rest of the world for that matter.

Upon my arrival in the Great White maple-infested North, I was quickly, and rather harshly, educated in the ways of the United States. Interestingly enough, my peers in grade five were far more interested in educating me on my shortcomings as a nuclear bomb toting, fat, racist, ignorant, crack-smoking eight-year-old American.

It became common knowledge that the eight-year-old me believed that Tim Horton was Canada's first and best president, all Canadians must live in igloos, and that trappers still run the economy. Fortunately for my future ability to communicate properly with Canadians, I learned over fourteen years that igloos are restricted to the Prince George area and trappers are now seemingly extinct within the Canadian economy. However, due to a lack of contrasting evidence, I still consider President Horton the finest damn president Canada has ever seen.

Not surprisingly, having an eagle on my passport has given me a degree of American patriotism. Also not surprisingly, living in Canada from the ages of eight to 22 has sculpted me into a Canadian. But is this possible? Can there be such a thing as a Canadian who is patriotic, or even partial to the United States? The answer is subjective, so hear me out before you deport me.

The revolution/counterrevolution is the event whereby the United States achieved independence and Canada remained loyal to the Crown. A few decades after U.S. independence, these different paths were enunciated by Canadians' favourite war: the war of 1812 which featured Canada defeating their southern neighbours. From their revolution, the United States developed an exceptionalist ideology known as Americanism: an ideology based in individualism and anti-statism.

The Canadians' counterrevolution welcomed the fleeing loyalists of New England and held their allegiance to the Crown. Canada's trust in the Crown and eventual independence led to a society that remains confident in public control and authority; this translates into a society that is more socialist than their southern counterpart.

This is the fundamental difference underlying Canadian society that has led to a number of cultural differences including the Canadian health care system, a higher tolerance for taxes in Canada, and poor air travel service.

Anti-Americanism has been predominant in Canada via behaviour, views, and propaganda since the revolution/counterrevolution. Many of Canadians' anti-American sentiments are blared in the now-popular and equally controversial Molson commercial.

Despite many Canadians' reactions to this commercial as a patriotic, darn-tootin' Canadian moment, the commercial suggests that to be Canadian is to be anti-American.

What this commercial and much of Canadian propaganda often fails to realize is that Canadian anti-Americanism is grounded in two other realistic concerns besides American ignorance.

The first concern is related to poor US foreign policy practices. One example is the resistance of John Diefenbaker (JFK's favourite "SOB") to Cold War efforts. Diefenbaker's actions were not intended to prove to Americans that most Canadians do not live in igloos, rather he had a genuine concern as to the possibility of global warfare against Communism.

The second Canadian concern is liberal-developmentalism – a belief that other nations could and should replicate the American experience.

Considering all of this, Canada's identity should be rooted in socialism, cultural diversity, beavers, 'real' beer, and pro-statist beliefs. While this may be partly true, Canada's lack of any true nation-wide identity is due to its decentralized political and physical landscape.

There are strong regional identities that often break apart an already fragile national identity. These regional identities are evident throughout the landscape of Canadian culture, but are most evident in Quebec.

Politically, Canada's weak national identity can be related to a history of allocating a high amount of power to provincial governments. Examples of this political decentralization are everywhere, but are most effectively illustrated in Quebec's efforts for sovereignty.

Despite being an American, I am not an advocate of Americanism; I am anti-American in the ideological sense. However you see this article – right, wrong, bullshit coming from an outsider's ass – please, please stop picking on me. Try picking your nose. I do.

Sources: Lipset, Seymour. Continental Divide. Routledge, New York. 1990.

Randall, S.J. and J.H. Thompson. Canada and the United States: Ambivalent Allies. The University of Georgia Press, London. 1994.

The Martlet's shift: An offering

As a kid, I used to love reading the newspaper, everything from Ann Landers to the national news. It was my one reliable link to an adult world I wanted very much to feel connected with.

At 10 years old, I remember reading the City Life section of The Ottawa Citizen about a child my age who was abducted while playing outside his home in Lower Town. A search team found his frozen body in the canal during spring thaw.

I asked my mother if I could call the newspaper to ask them to print the family's address so people in the community could get in touch with the grieving parents.

During the mid-80s, I woke up to Hal Anthony's booming voice on the local CFRA news station. A big fan of the national news segment, I responded to Cold War tremors by writing a letter to then U.S. President Ronald Reagan, with a heartfelt naiveté that told me a handwritten letter to Mr. President would be one step closer to peace in the Atomic age.

Comics were a family favorite. We passed them around the dinner table and smirked, guffawed and giggled at the likes of Andy Capp, Family Circus, Far Side and For Better or For Worse.

I learned to masturbate from the Saturday issue of the Youth Clinic column. I'd tuck the paper into my flannel peejays each weekend and scurry into the bedroom, scanning for new tips and tricks.

My media radar turned toward the talk-show circuit through junior high and high school. I saw Oprah through each phase of her metamorphosis into the diva of American capitalism she is today.

News was important to me because I felt somehow connected to the world at large. Listening to other people's stories taught me about myself.

Now I rarely buy daily news. I don't own a television.

We live in a world in which we are inundated with information we don't need. Between the Internet, books, TV, radio and print news, the flood of information in my life is ruining my memory. Worse than that, most of the news I absorb dulls my response to real joy and suffering in the world.

Communication comes down to friendship for me. Friendship is about true compassion. Print journalists are challenged to elicit a human connection through language.

But the daily newspeak doesn't measure up.

I don't want to know what Israeli's deputy defence minister has to say about the recent violence in Palestine.

I want to know what the old woman in the village sings about moments before the bomb destroys her home.

Our lives are made rich by the people around us, by the details - the cadence of their voices, the worn textures of their hands, the names they choose for their children.

A favorite writer of mine, John Berger, asks what it means when an animal looks at you. Saskatchewan poet Tim Lilburn prods us to think about the wisdom of the rivers and trees. Can they possibly know more than we do?

At *the Martlet* we're talking about a shift in perspective , about new ways of looking at the world around us. A way of presenting the news that doesn't allow us to distance ourselves from it, a way to make it real.

So far, our informal survey calls for a more personal and creative student press. At the same time, folks are looking for more critical analysis and a raucous mix of different opinions.

We're looking for a twist of the silly and absurd to keep things running smoothly.

It's all about busting out of the regular constraints involved in reporting the news.

We're looking for people to write to each other, to tell stories that mean something in our daily lives.

We welcome as much ingenuity and humour we can fit on a page. So come on down.

Two students at South Park Elementary's Spring Fling fundraiser perform a rap called The Rocks and the Trees by Canadian childrens' performers the Arrogant Worms.

Martlet photo by Gillian Jerome

letters, letters, letters, letters...

Another legal threat

It has been over a month since I left a legal document, signed and addressed, by myself with allegations of your publication's alleged false, knowingly false and misleading reporting on UVic's deal with Pepsi for campus distribution, and have received no reply! I am legally forced to send you this follow-up.

You have one month, as by your mandate as a campus publication, to give this letter and my last letter to campus security, UVic administration and all other campus governing bodies. Failure to do so is a direct break of your code of ethics, your mandate and will leave you open to even further CRIMINAL and CIVIL actions.

I have contacted Coca-Cola representatives in Victoria and have promised them free and open access to any and all of my information.

They have asked me to tell you that selling RUM AND COKE, when you are knowingly serving PEPSI in Felicita's and that nightclub in UVIC centre, is a direct trademark violation. I have ordered a RUM and Coca-Cola, told staff it was PEPSI, they admitted it was Pepsi and the practice continues today.

As an accredited free lance journalist and former CO-FOUNDER of CFUV, I hope you do take these charges lightly and continue this obvious coverup.

One month, May 20th, 2000. If I do not receive notification from you, *THE MARTLET* and UVIC administration, that they have been forwarded this and my last letter containing these allegations, then I will proceed to contact my M.P. David Anderson, my M.L.A. Steve Orcherton and any media local, national, international, looking eagerly for another dirty, underhanded CAMPUS betrayal of public trust story.

You should be ashamed to call yourself a free press. This follow up letter should never of had to be written. You have opened yourself up an incredible Pandora's box and you have only yourself to blame. Shame on you.

Philip W. Murdy

Mao words of wisdom

[It is good] if the enemy attacks us wildly and paints us as utterly evil and without a single virtue; it demonstrates that have not only drawn a clear line of demarcation between the enemy and ourselves but achieved a great deal in our work.'

Mao Tsetung from To Be Attacked by the Enemy is not a Bad Thing but a Good Thing' 26 May, 1939.

Michael Burdge

Morgan's in trouble

Dear Mr. Stewart:

I am writing to you and the University of Victoria Student Society (UVSS) Board of Directors regarding your current club policy. We have been approached by the Youth Protecting Youth (YPY) organization regarding this matter though we do not represent this organization in any way. I understand that Murray Mollard, Policy Director of the B.C. Civil Liberties Association (BCCLA) has spoked to you about your policies and the experience with YPY. In considering these issues, we have also reviewed the UVSS Constitution and Bylaws, Policy Manual and Clubs Policy as well as the information you sent to us.

As you know, the BCCLA is a strong defender of freedom of expression. We are also an organization that works to defend the rights of women over their reproductive autonomy.

At the same time, we also defend the right of individuals to associate freely and the right of private groups to take positions on controversial issues. Given the procedural rules regarding UVSS clubs and the democratic process followed to arrive at both the procedural rules and the UVSS' substantive pro-choice position on abortion, it is not surprising that the UVSS has decided to not grant club status to YPY. Indeed, given the logic of UVSS policies, no group that wishes to advocate a position that is contrary to a position taken by the UVSS on a substantive matter, whether that be abortion, tuition fees or world trade, will be able to gain club status.

But in the BCCLA's view, therein lies the problem. It is our opinion that the UVSS ought to change its procedural rules so that groups of students can gain club status even if they wish to challenge or dissent from the "official" position of the UVSS on a substantive matter. We believe that there is a strong moral imperative to be inclusive of differing points of view within the club structure.

You have suggested that students that are opposed to UVSS policies can work internally to change those policies. For example, if students don't like the pro-choice policy of the UVSS, then they can seek to change that policy according to procedural rules within the constitution and bylaws. Thus UVic reflects democratic society.

The problem with this approach is that if pro-life students were successful at changing the UVSS official position to pro-life, this would then create the same type of unfairness for students who were pro-choice: they would be required to be members of an organization which takes a position on a complex and controversial moral issue that they do not personally agree with; and they'd be required to devote some of their personal financial resources, through membership fees, to that cause. Abortion is a complex and controversial issue that by its very nature will not likely be able to generate substantial consensus among a body as diverse as students as UVic.

We do not suggest that the solution to this conundrum is for UVSS to not take positions on substantive matters. On the contrary, creating a voice for students is a perfectly appropriate role for the UVSS or student societies in general. Rather, the solution lies in changing the procedural rules of your organization by allowing club status to student groups that may oppose the official policies of the UVSS. By doing so, you allow such groups the privileges and benefits of club status. However, the UVSS may very well wish to devote more resources to promoting a particular substantive policy such as pro-choice if such is the will of students.

We suggest that the UVSS change Rule III(1) of the UVSS Clubs Policy which presently requires that clubs have a constitution that is in compliance with all UVSS policies. This rule should be changed to require compliance with UVSS policies except for policies on external issues: student and social issues under the UVSS Policy Manual. Thus, clubs would have to comply with all procedural and organizational rules but could take different positions on substantive issues.

Murray Mollard
Policy Director

viewpoint

Fetishizing the body constitutes abuse

BY LAWRENCE YTZHAK BRAITHWAITE

The article "Talk Dispels Violence Myth," *the Martlet*, March 23, brought up some very original perspectives on the issue of abuse, especially the abuse of males.

It explained that sex isn't a major factor in any abuse, but control *is*. There is nothing erotic or sexual about the situation.

I took part in a panel discussion on the issue of class in homosexual writing. As I had predicted to a fellow panelist beforehand, the audience was mostly women.

The issue of eroticizing people's struggle for the pleasure of the privileged classes was a main concern in the discussion. We talked about how the overwhelming majority of male-oriented books dealt with the fetishizing of people who would normally be viewed as underprivileged or abused.

With post-modern jargon being misused to legitimize just about every atrocity, the definition of "paedophile" as "the medical condition of being attracted to children" leaves it open (by today's self-indulgent standards) to be yet another issue of identity, and therefore privy to all the formulas of prejudice, ignorance and persecution.

Paedophiles can begin to assemble themselves as a community suffering alongside other groups persecuted because of race, culture, class, religion or homosexuality. The paedophile can plead persecution. The terms "paedophilia," "sexual abuse" and "sexualized violence" are softened into the post-modern P.C. term, "inter-generational relationships."

This is particularly evident in the homosexual community. One has to only pick up a copy of Vancouver's *Xtra West* to read articles on the "joys of male prostitution" and the "over-hype of child abuse."

Often fiction work, which empowers the subjugated, has been criticized by the homosexual community, for not depicting more positive child/older male sexual relationships. Some writers want fiction to eroticize rape, fetishize inter-racial or cultural relationships and depict male prostitutes as sweet, gentle hooligans, out for a fun and a hot experience.

The desired message is: 'You're not being abused. You're having fun.' Abusive males (especially of an advantaged class), be they homosexual or not, are still men. Most are brought up to believe that they must have control over something or someone ("normally" women).

To lose control is weakness. To fall victim of the control of a woman or another male is also weakness. In the homosexual community, the power dynamic is played out by manipulating economics, class, race and age.

As one Vancouver bookseller said about abusive homosexual relationships, it's less physical and more about manipulation. Sex, violence and/or brutality is a tool of abuse. It was, is and always shall be, all about control.

As one Vancouver bookseller said about abusive homosexual relationships, it's less physical and more about manipulation. Sex, violence and/or brutality is a tool of abuse. It was, is and always shall be, all about control.

It was important that the article brought up some of the overlooked aspects of abuse (like the sex trade, not to mention mail-order brides, from Russia and Eastern European countries).

This exploitation has been just as prevalent concerning young men from the same areas mentioned. We have started to open discussion on control in the issues of class, race and culture.

What was once a porn industry filled with boys from Thailand, Mexico, Haiti, Central America and North America and the fetishizing of Black males and Latinos (usually in prison scenarios) for the joys of White homosexuals with "double incomes and no dependents" is now joined with the captured images of Eastern European and Russian youths.

This may surprise people. However, I would have to repeat one of my favourite James Baldwin quotes: "My life is a witness I ain't making this stuff up."

Simone de Beauvoir, in her essay "Must We Burn de Sade?" discusses the topic of the victim/victimizer. She writes that the death of the victim is not the source of the victimizer's pleasure. It is the reduction of the person to a placid thing. In slavery, the purpose is not to kill but to break the spirit, to get the object to self-actualize slavery.

Only then can control have a significant role. Like slavery, abuse is not about murder. De Beauvoir asks what a bored, spent victimizer would ask of the finished indulgence: "What do I do with the body?"

Abuse is all in the pain and suffering the victimizer can cause a person. To finish the act, to seek out a victim in order to feed the need to kill, to simply extinguish a life, is just not the desire.

Further, to simply have sex is not the issue with sexualized violence. If sex is involved at all, it is a tool for control. If sex doesn't achieve the desired affect, another tactic will be attempted.

We tend to be obsessed with the activity – is it good or bad? But we don't pick up on the other subtleties of abuse: the psychological. You could have a whole world to run around in, but by the time the abuse kicks in, by the time the invisible slave chains are fixed, you could feel too trapped to step two feet out of your house or a breath away from the situation.

The article also went on to discuss the stereotype of the abused male. It is important to note two stereotypes: that abused males are homosexual and/or weak, and the myth that any man who was abused is a future abuser.

Males who undergo this form of authority may, and do, end up becoming victims of relationships which repeat the abuse. But the abusive abused male seems to be the cliché profile for serial killer flicks and crime novels.

This is also a reason why males may avoid mentioning it, just as 50s suburbanites might not admit that their family didn't get along or have the brand new car.

Or just as today's youth can't get over the fact that their family wasn't like the Brady's. The medical community and justice system has had a dim and ignorant view of its male abuse survivors.

In the time in which people are pleading to put 10-year-olds in prison, it's hard to believe that the justice system really cares about children, and isn't more concerned with a good conviction record and pushing authority. The justice system is using the law as another power tool.

Abuse isn't really the issue here. The issue is exploited to increase budgets and infringe on forms of expression, which have nothing at all to do with abuse, but more with free thinking, if not just radical thought and intellectualism.

We would like to think that all this only belongs in immoral other-worlds such as the evil city of Cain's invention. The stories and confessions and experiences that I have heard and had here, unfortunately, are too close for comfort.

We would not like to think that the trafficking and exploitation of youth is prevalent in small pretty towns like Victoria and its surrounding areas. But we must question why it is that the only program (unfortunately, government-run) providing support for males in the West is located on this very island.

With our growing division of wealthy and poor, the exploitation and cruelty is overwhelming, regardless of the word-play of "sexual abuse" or "sexualized violence."

I have never found anything erotic to write about rape, abuse, violence, brutality or the exploitation of the poor and disadvantaged. However, I have certainly encountered enough people who are absorbed in what Susan Sontag once called "fascinating fascism."

There is general lack of sensitivity outside of self-gratifying experiences. There is a large and wealthy market out there for abuse. As the article mentioned, abuse "is an issue of control," be it economic, racial or with youth.

New task force looks at safety in the city's queer community

BY KRISTEN ELDER

Kayshalee Snider, an intersexed person who identifies herself as a woman, says she has spent the past three years being harassed by her upstairs neighbour about her sexual orientation.

Snider, 36, was born intersexed. She says she has faced discrimination all her life.

One in 1000 people are born intersexed. It's more common than one would think.

After enduring verbal threats and harassment, Snider decided in January to report the situation to the police.

She says the fact she finally had a witness present during the harassment made it worth her while to go to the police. Until that time, she had always been alone when the attacks occurred.

When making her statement to the police, Snider reported the harassment as a hate crime or gaybashing.

"I told the cops it was a hate crime, because I'm a lesbian. They looked him up on the computer and it turned out he was on record," says Snider.

Patrick Andrews' history of violence ensured that the police took Snider's complaint seriously. Subsequently, Andrews was arrested and charged with criminal harassment and uttering threats against Snider.

Andrews didn't confront her physically but he did try to incite a fight. Snider resisted. He verbally assaulted her on numerous occasions, targeting her because he didn't like that she is a lesbian, and because he was intolerant of the fact that she is intersexed. Andrews kept insisting that Snider was a man.

He pleaded guilty and was sentenced on May 3 to six months house arrest. Snider says that although the judge did recognize Andrews attack as a hate crime, the sentencing is merely a slap on the wrist, and so she is launching an appeal.

Snider's situation is nothing unusual in Victoria, considering other gay bashings that have occurred in the last few months. These attacks cause fear in the gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgendered community.

Bashings happen in high schools, on the streets and in local clubs. Victoria Police records staff person Sue Ballegeer says there were six documented cases of hate-crimes based on race or sexual orientation in 1999. The severity of crimes ranges from graffiti, to verbal or physical attacks.

Janoff's report found that 221 bashings were reported since 1990, and numerous bashings remain unreported. The majority of victims were gay men, and 97 per cent of attackers were also men.

Recent events have stirred Barbara McLauchlin, publisher of the *Lavender Rhinoceros Magazine*, and Jannitt Rabinovitch, a member of the Victoria Police Board, to take action against gay bashings.

The two women are starting a task force to address the problem of gay bashing and homophobia in the Capital Regional District.

Rabinovitch says that this is the very beginning of creating a safe climate in the region for gays and lesbians of all ages.

Rob Tornack, publisher of the *Pink Pages Community Resource Directory*, will head the task force. Victoria's chief of police, Paul Battershill, will also be part of the task force that includes Rabinovitch, McLauchlin, Cynthia Callahan, Walter Meyer zu Erpen, and Judy Lightwater.

A tentative name for the group is the GLBT Safe Streets, Schools and Clubs Force. According to Rabinovitch, the task force will be a way to bring the police, the Capital Health Region, schools and members of the gay and lesbian community together to find solutions to confront homophobia.

The task force is McLauchlin's proactive solution to her mounting fears about gay bashings. "I was beginning to feel powerless and scared. I don't like to think of my brothers and sisters being harassed," she says.

Rabinovitch hopes that the task force will have an active role in confronting the plight of gay teens facing discrimination. "Something's got to be done. It's very homophobic in the high schools since kids are not out or telling anyone because they are very afraid of violence," says Rabinovitch.

She says that the large gay community in Victoria is somewhat invisible to teens. "There is work to be done, part of it is that gay bashing is an invisible issue," says Rabinovitch.

Gay bashing is not isolated to Victoria. It is part of a disturbing trend across the country threatening the lives of gays and lesbians. Hate-crime researcher Victor Janoff has just completed a five-year study of gay bashings and homicides, based on media reports and interviews with people in queer communities across Canada.

Janoff's report found that 221 bashings were reported since 1990, and numerous bashings remain unreported. The majority of victims were gay men and 97 per cent of attackers were also men.

There were 85 murders where the victim was assumed to be queer by attackers, and 92 per cent of victims were men. Janoff was inspired to do the study for his Master's thesis in criminology after a friend was gay bashed in Vancouver.

The new task force will be a way to ensure that the frequency of gay bashings such as Snider experienced is reduced.

Snider plans to join the task force, and she says she hopes that it can do something to address the problem of gay bashings. "The city of Victoria seems relatively open and tolerant, it's just a matter of time before things change for the better," says Rabinovitch.

"Most of these incidents do not get reported for a variety of reasons, embarrassment, not thinking it's worth reporting if it's something like verbal abuse," says local activist Tathra Street, a volunteer coordinator for AIDS Vancouver Island. Street also does the Girls Night In radio show on CFUV.

Kayshalee Snider says she's had to deal with harassment for being intersexed all her life.

Martlet photo by Kristen Elder

"If these instances were tracked perhaps the Mayor would see the importance of events such as the Pride Parade. Homophobia in schools is another huge issue. I have heard stories from young queers and queer parents of kids in high school. It amazes me how unsafe it is for lots of kids, it scares me.

"Ultimately it would be ideal to have a centre for the Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual and Trans communities to congregate, be supported, feel safe and access services that they would normally find a hassle due to their sexual orientation or gender identity such as legal and health services," Street said.

Sound worthwhile? The task force's founding meeting is planned for May 23 at 7:30 p.m. at the Women's Creative Network office at 1910 Store Street. For more information call 381-8683.

Earth my bone, my body,
Mountain my breast
Green grass and leafy tree
My trailing hair,
Rich dark dust, oozing mud
Seed sending white root deep,
Carpet of molding leaves,
Be our bed!
By the earth that is
Her body,
Powers of the
North send
forth your
srength.

Don't be fooled into thinking that the decay of food is a simple or wholesome matter. The odour you smell when you open the lid to your compost bin is not simply the smell of rotting food.

Inside, the party goes on all day, all night. Even in the dead of winter, the air within a compost bin is warm, the odour rank. Beneath the surface layer of apple cores, green peppers pits and orange peels, an act of debauchery takes place – the likes of which most mortals can only fantasize about.

Banana peels envelop green broccoli stems within their sweet, slimy skin. Fruits and vegetables meld into one as they sink into a moist black sludge.

Red wrigglers and other earthly creatures come out of this darkness to gorge themselves on the fresh ripe flesh. The worms eat voraciously, pause briefly to blindly fuck their neighbour, then gorge again.

The next time you visit your compost, sniff carefully and you will catch the scent of forbidden mingling, of sweet stinking sex.

- Ken Henderson

地

EARTH

WATER

気

One day I will come up with stickers or awards for the biggest water jackass per neighbourhood. Victoria is in line for some special presentations. I'm positive each street has its own water jackass. You know, the person up the street who's determined to have the greenest lawn in Victoria - that's a tall order. Or the person dementedly washing that nasty dirt off their driveway with water. Precious water. Water Canadians seem so proud of.

The university (I can't even be specific here) would receive the first award for assinine water waste, maybe I will incorporate water into the design. Watering when it rains, pointlessly watering when the sun is beaming down, watering to have the greenest campus around.

Water is wasted each & every time we flush. How many toilets are on just one campus, how many gallons of water are being flushed away so that the next person doesn't have to witness the gaucheness of defecation? Shocking, but we all do it. Flushing to conceal the workings of your body so that the person in the stall next to you won't know what you're doing.

Water might be all around us, but we use it like it's an unlimited commodity. We have little respect for it. We flush our shit directly into the ocean. I'm sure our local sea lions have exhaustive games of 'toss the tampon.'

We use water with little thought. All we know is we don't want to sell it to the Americans, 'cause it's ours. Ours to fuck with, Canadian style.

And don't even start me on golf courses.

- Meesha Chan

Water
my womb,
my blood,
Wash over us,
Cool us. Waves
sweep ashore on
white wings, The
rush, hiss, the rumble
of stones As the tide receds,
That rhythym, my pulse,
Flood, gushing fountain,
We pour ourselves out, Sweep us away!
By the waters of Her living womb,
Powers of the west, send forth your flow.

Kanji by
in the corners: "Invocations from t

AIR

Air, my breath, breeze of the morning,
Stallion of the dawn star,
Whirlwind, bearing all that soars
in flight, Bee and bird,
Sweet fragrance,
wailing storm's voice,
Carry us!
By the air that is
Her breath,
Powers of the
East send
forth your
light.

This last semester was the roughest scholastic ride of my life. School became a slow asphyxiation. I adore learning. But after two semesters, 17 novels, nine essays and a directed study, I was withering up.

By my last exam, the white walls at the university had become a cage; my soul was trying to claw its way out. Spending eight months indoors scrunched in a desk under flourescent lights nearly killed me.

Humans evolved as hardy outdoor animals. Two million years of running naked across the veld hard-wired us for life in the wilderness. Keep humans in a cage, physical or psychological and like every other creature on this good earth, we become flacid, pale-faced automatons.

••••

School is five days done. Here I am in the Rockies with a friend I've known since childhood. Nothing beats mountain air. The high altitude fortifies my blood. The wind burns my skin.

At 3,500 vertical feet, every human problem has a smallness. Soon we are ambling down a goat trail on the Northeastern face of Heart Mountain. It's so steep we slip down the scree. Jenne hears an animal below, a moutain goat? It's spring. The valley's iced creek is thawing and the grizzlies are hungry. We yip to let the animals know we're trampling along the floorboards of their home.

The bush is dense with Jack pines, elders, spruce. The magpies dart from branch to branch flashing blue backs. I dodge piles of shit pellets: goat, elk, moose. We've lost our path so we run where the elk have left a trail in the ice with their hooves.
ride the sheer adrenalin rush of being in the wild again. The winds rips through the valley, turning our hair into drunk snakes. The creek water gurgles beneath the ice, leading us back to what's familiar. I suck back as much air as my lungs will hold, cursing any road in or out.

- Gillian Jerome

FIRE

We stand in a circle in a church hall in Washington, DC. We have all come to this strange citystate to protest the IMF and the World Bank, to make our bodies an obstacle in the gears of capitalism and oppression.

We are heading into the uncertainty of action, of putting ourselves on the line with a not-so-vague notion of what the state will respond with… we are functioning in a state of unspoken fear, unspoken because we are so driven.

The fire we feel to do this work is so strong that it has brought some of us all the way across the continent. We carry with us knowledge of the destruction the institutions we are protesting create all over the world; we carry with us knowledge of our privilege as citizens of highly media-infused Western states.

We have all this knowledge, but today what we need is power. We are in this hot and sweaty room to call together the power of our spirits, to invoke the fire of protest and to gather protection from the earth and each other. We raise a cone of energy, we invoke the elements and the directions, we create our intentions for the day and the protest and we dance the spiral dance. I invoke the South, the element of Fire for passion and power and energy and strength and for destroying and healing. Others among us invoke love, peace, change, growth, understanding, but I need the South to follow me, to give me the inner Fire that matches my intellectual fire. And the Fire carries me.

- Christina Harris

Fire
my
heart,
burn
bright!
My spirit is a
flame,My eye
misses nothing.
A blaze leaps from
nerve to nerve Spark of the
solar fire! An answering heat
rises, unbearable delight!
The flames sing, consume us!
By the fire that is her spirit,
Powers of the South, send forth your flame.

Hazama,
mmer Solstice Ritual" by Starhawk

The Insider brings crusade against tobacco companies to Victoria

BY DONNA ST. LOUIS

The tobacco industry's poster child has a new look. Her eyes are clouded with cataracts and she has deep wrinkles across her face. She has teeth that are stained yellow and a mouth full of brown, rotting gums. She's ugly, unhealthy and the tobacco industry does not want you to see her.

Or the link between cigarettes and the completely preventable tobacco-related diseases killing thousands of Canadians every year. It is no secret that the tobacco industry wants people to smoke and they will do whatever it takes to keep people smoking.

To learn more about the power and domination of the tobacco industries, Victoria and *the Martlet* were privileged to hear one of North America's top tobacco company's former chief scientist Dr. Jeffrey Wigand.

As a major informant of inside information and the focus of the movie, *The Insider*, Dr.Wigand is quite possibly one of the greatest threats to the tobacco industry.

As part of his tour to speak with high school students about the different perspectives of the tobacco industry, Dr. Wigand spent this past Monday in Victoria and gave up 10 minutes of his time to give *the Martlet* a short but inspiring interview.

What's his message? The tobacco industry is trying to suck the life out of millions of people, beginning when they are barely pubescent, to make a massive profit.

How badly do the tobacco companies want your support? Real bad. Consider that, according to Dr. Wigand, each package of cigarettes costs only eight cents to manufacture, including picking the tobacco, rolling the cigarettes and packaging them up.

With such a low cost, the profits are phenomenal, and the tobacco companies are willing to spend six billion dollars a year in advertising to keep people smoking and to recruit new and young smokers.

In his public appearance and presentation at the Sandman Hotel on May 13, Dr. Wigand told his audience that the tobacco industries are "a ruthless predator who will use whatever power it has to keep the truth covered."

Although the industry has received some major blows to their reputation from people like Dr. Wigand, who have made it their purpose to spread the truth about smoking, they still have a major hold on 1.1 billion people in the world.

It's no secret that smoking kills; Dr. Wigand believes that smoking cigarettes and the tobacco-related illnesses are an epidemic. By the year 2010 Dr.Wigand speculates that 10 million people worldwide will die from tobacco related illnesses – all of which are preventable.

So where does one begin in the fight against the tobacco industries? Dr. Wigand's approach starts at a grass roots level. His purpose is to educate young people in regards to the different aspects of the tobacco industry; like the tobacco companies, Dr.Wigand wants to catch them while they're still young and before they start smoking.

Some of his more frightening statistics stated that in 1991, a survey conducted towards six-year old kids revealed that 91 per cent recognized Joe Camel before they would recognize Mickey Mouse or Ronald MacDonald.

Furthermore, Dr.Wigand told the audience that the tobacco industry has all the information they need to understand a child's brain and behavioural patterns from the age of 11 to 16 years old.

In his presentation, Dr. Wigand asked the audience, "When an 11-year old gets addicted, are they really making a competent choice, or are they being manipulated?"

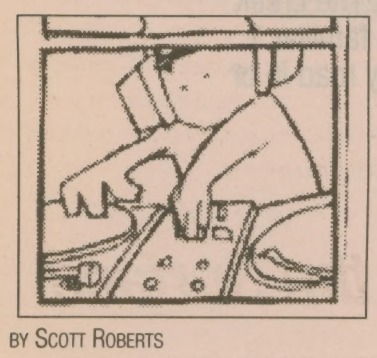
However, with the right tools and the correct knowledge, kids can make a choice based not just on the glorified images they see of smokers in movies, t.v. and advertisements.

Dr. Jeffrey Wigand takes a break from blasting the tobacco giants.

photo provided

For more information and statistics, visit the Ministry of Health website www.tobaccofacts.org or Jeffrey Wigand's own website, www.jeffreywigand.com

Kid Koala promises killer hiphop show



BY SCOTT ROBERTS

When Kid Koala came to Vancouver back in spring '98 I woke up the next morning in Victoria with four messages on my answering machine. They all went a little like this:

"You missed the best show ever... Kid Koala is brilliant... you should've come over (to Vancouver) you stupid... haha... etc."

Needless to say Kid's second appearance is highly anticipated.

After just having released the much overdue *Carpal Tunnel Syndrome (CTS)*, produced by Ninja Tune, Kid Koala is getting a lot of press these days.

With good reason. *CTS* is one of the most technically precise and creative turntablist records ever produced.

"It's really just a collection of tracks made made from records I always wanted to use but couldn't fit into my standard hiphop set," says Koala.

A standard hiphop album this is not. Nor will it be a standard hiphop show. Ninja Tune shows usually last several hours, involve several musicians and never disappoint.

This time around Koala's coming with DJ Food (aka Coldcut). Strictly kev is rarely seen on the West Coast of Canada. These guys have been on the label since the beginning, and definitely helped to build it. But they've got something new in store.

After crafting seven albums full of breaks (drum lines similar to, but often slower than, drum and bass) they have made one without any breaks at all. Furthering the truth that there's always something new going on at Ninja Tune.

"This is the third tour that I've done with DJ Food. On this one one we'll be coming with Bullfrog, my other band. We've (Koala and Bullfrog) played over 1000 shows together, which makes for an interesting dynamic.

"None of the standard dj set stuff. We decided to take it away from the showcase and turn it into a show," says Koala.

This is the stuff that Kid Koala is famous for. A lot of innovation, previously unheard of samples and a helluva lot of hiphop all coming from a blend of Filipino, west coast and french Canadian perspectives.

"The sound of the album is kind of scatterbrained [but] it had to be like that because the source material is not linear... I just kind of let it happen."

While he does maintain, at least at some points, standard hiphop rhythm and timing, Koala often goes into a musical arena that is far from hiphop

"Hiphop definitely has a certain structure, but it must stay fresh. For me that's the light in hiphop...it's what drives me. I just wanted to make a record that makes me go crazy."

If you're looking for a little madness, DJ Food, Kid Koala, and Bullfrog will be at Legends May 21, presented by Atomique productions.

New gallery hosts local art

BY SCOTT ROBERTS

Victoria does have a vibrant arts community, few would argue that point. But there aren't many spaces for younger artists to get recognized, an essential aspect of keeping any community thriving.

This is the idea behind the Gallery at the Mosaic. Gallery Organizer William Perry was approached by Fraser McColl (one of Mosaic's developers) back before Christmas about having Perry show his work for at least three months at the gallery. A couple months later Perry and his partner Susan Fiddler, decided to tweak the idea a little.

Instead of showcasing his own work, Perry has decided to donate about three months of his time and work to organizing an accessible space that offers room to multiple up-and-coming artists. How accessible? Only a $25 submission fee plus a 20 per cent commission. All of which is being put in trust for McColl to buy works for his buildings. His purchases will be made from the shows at the Gallery.

The other main focus of the Gallery is fundraising for orginizations that range from the Vancouver Island Marmot Project to Lynda Raino's Big Dance Troupe.

"We have initiated the Vancouver Island Marmot Project to gather local artists to bring awareness to the Marmot project," Alistair Greene mentioned through a thick cloud of dust, "Garry Curry and I are creating a series of sculptures that will be auctioned off in support of the Marmot Society."

Greene and Curry are full time partners and board members at the Vancouver Island Sculptors Guild. Curry has been sculpting for many more years than Green but for about a year and a half they have been partners.

"We tag-team all the work really. My Left hand doesn't work really well whereas Al's left works and his right doesn't, so if we're having a hard time getting in an area when, say, we can't get in on the right angle, we help each other out. We work together on all the pieces."

Green is 87 per cent paralyzed "so it takes a little longer [to do the work] but I've been working seven days a week for about five years now on sculpting" which makes it a little easier.

The Gallery is also pushing many of the younger artists in the community out into the public eye. Recently emigrating from Vancouver, Ed Zec has found a place at the Gallery at the Mosaic. After shopping his work around for a few days, Christine Paton – owner of Paton Place – suggested that he try the Gallery at the Mosaic.

"William has been great," Zec explains over his coffee, "the submission fee [$25] is extremely affordable and the commission rate is really low here."

This is the first show that Zec has participated in, but is looking forward to some larger and more permanent installations.

"I'm just stopping by Victoria for a couple of months on my way the Environmental Design program at University of Manitoba and I'm really excited about the show."

The Gallery at Mosaic fills a niche that has been empty in this town for quite awhile. Perry tends to agree.

"I'm hoping that this will give other developers a bit of incentive to do something with the dead-space that occupies some of the buildings around every urban area."

What a concept.

Lynda Raino's Big Dance Troupe starts June 2. Alistair Green and Gary Curry are currently exhibiting. Ed Zec runs from June 8-22. For more information 388-9930.

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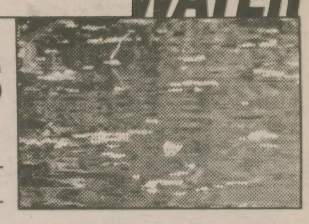
Auroras and Armageddon? Heads up for summer skies



BY DONNA ST.LOUIS

Imagine a clear night far from city lights, as the sky fills with bright flashes. Like a fantastic display of fireworks, giant red ribbons ripple across the horizon and a bright green curtain of colour hangs above earth.

Could it be a warning of an Armageddon?

Not likely, but seeing one of these amazing and colourful light shows in the night sky is now more likely due to an increase in solar storms which cause the aurora borealis, also known as the Northern Lights. Auroras occur when the sun experiences a storm with solar winds that penetrate the earth's magnetic field.

The colours occur in a manner similar to the way that a colour television works. When the solar winds and magnetic field mix, charged particles are sent to the Earth's upper atmosphere to produce glowing particles with a distinct colour depending on the type of gas that is involved.

Seen most predominately in the Northern Hemisphere, auroras will occur more often for the next two years due to a peak of the sun's mysterious eleven-year cycle of solar storms.

With more storms, the aurora will also occur farther south, which means that residents of Victoria may see some aurora borealis for themselves.

Although it is not completely accurate, the public can log onto http://www.spaceweather.com, to find information on where and when an aurora might occur.

Or, with any luck, one might be in the right place at the right time and catch their own light show. UVic astronomer Dr. Robert Horita describes seeing an aurora as "fascinating to observe."

He says they come in five forms: arcs, bands, patches, veils, and rays.

Horita says he's seen "pulsating auroras where a patch appears and disappears a number of times." Fortunately, the auroras are safe to view and have no dangerous effects on the earth or its environment.

However, the impact of the solar winds may have some influence on electrical grids and systems.

Although the effects will not necessarily cause any impending danger on the earth, according to Dr. Horita, "hydro systems have been shut down due to geomagnetic storms as occurred in Quebec in1989." The sun's last 11-year cycle peaked in1989.

Speaking of the end of the world, the month of May marks an important planetary conjunction. Some mystics and prophets say it could change the world.

On May 5, five planets, Mercury, Mars, Venus, Jupiter and Saturn, all aligned in a 26 degree arc along with the sun and the moon. On May 17 the same planets lined up in a tighter curve with a 19 1/2 degree arc. Conjunctions such as these are rare and controversial.

According to some doomsday prophets and other mystics, the planetary line up is an omen for disaster. Warnings of earthquakes and floods due to an extreme gravitational pull have been found in tabloid weeklies or bogus websites.

These kinds of predictions are not new. The history of planetary conjunctions goes as far back as the Chinese Hsia Dynasty in 1953 BC. According to *Sky & Telescope* magazine, Genghis Khan was advised to retrieve his orders for the mass extermination of the Tangut race when in December 1226 five planets grouped together.

The conjunction was interpreted by Genghis Khan's astrologer as an omen against death. It is suggested that around 100,000 lives were saved as a result of the planetary alignment.

Although people have been mystified by planetary conjunctions for thousands of years, the actual physical effects of the conjunction from an astronomical point of view are next to nothing.

According to UVic physics and astronomy prof Dr. C. Pritchet, the planetary conjunctions in May 2000, or of any other month and year, will have no impact on earth, although he says if they are visible at night, they would be interesting to see.

Unfortunately, the alignments in May 2000 will both take place during the day. As for predictions of floods and earthquakes due to the gravitational pull from all the planets combined, the truth, according to Dr. Pritchet, is that none of the planets are close enough to create any increased tides or polar shifts.

The only gravitational pull that we'll receive is from the moon – all the other planets are too far away.

Yet there are still some people who say that the planets do have an effect on people. The astrological point of view is one of the more respected and well known interpretation of the stars and planets – just think of how many people read their horoscopes on a daily basis. Most reliable astrologists will advise people to ignore all of the unnecessary hype about doomsday predictions and to instead focus on themselves and their environment.

Scott Schucht, a spiritual counselor specializing in astrology, says that "everybody is going to be experiencing this conjunction in some area of their life, whether they are aware of it or not."

Some people will experience the conjunctions stronger than others will, he says. For example, people under the signs of Taurus, Scorpio, Leo and Aquarius will feel more change or potential for change than the other signs due to their signs' position in the heavens.

Schucht describes the significance of the planetary alignment in astrology as a reflection of what is happening here on earth as opposed to a definite prediction of what might happen.

"It's the same story going on up there as it is down here," he says. Some common experiences felt by people might be a change or shift in their lifestyle, a new found sense of direction, or perhaps a sense of paranoia due to the assumption that a planetary conjunction is a guarantee for some form of impending doom.

For more information on the planetary alignment the website put out by one of the leading astrology magazines a http://www.mountainastrologer.com. To find out how the planetary conjunction might have effected your sign, contact Scott Schucht of Lifeworks at lifeworks@home.com.

Local women poets mentor the next generation *Breaking the Surface*

***Breaking the Surface* ed. Marilyn Bowering, Lorna Crozier, Susan Musgrave, Linda Rogers and Patricia Young**
Sono Nis Press
$24.95

BY JESSICA WEIRMIER

My favourite thing about poetry readings is counting all the reluctantly dragged-along boyfriends.

The launch for Canada's newest anthology of emerging poets, *Breaking the Surface*, provided no shortage of them – all very well-dressed and well-behaved.

Breaking is the latest ambitious project by local publishers Sono Nis Press. Saturday night's reading at the Greater Victoria Art Gallery gathered mentors Marilyn Bowering, Lorna Crozier, Susan Musgrave, Linda Rogers and Patricia Young together with their picks for up and coming talent in Canada's poetry scene.

Emergent, up-and-coming, budding – all these words adequately describe the featured poets. Rogers is responsible for the book's genesis.

She thought it would be nice to introduce the next generation of poets, "especially since the writing community has lost so many members of its family in recent years," says Rogers, referring to the recent loss of Canadian poetry icon Al Purdy.

The book is meant to help forge a sense of community within the literary scene. "There's lot's of competition in the poetry community which makes it hard to validate writers...It's important to emphasize the family component of Canadian writing. That's why I asked [Young, Bowering, Musgrave and Crozier] to find three writers," says Rogers.

Governor General nominee Patricia Young chose former students who she describes as keen and excited. Both Samara Brock and Marlene Grand Maitre had never been published in a book before. Her third student, Kathy Sinclair, has been published in *Grain*, *Event* and *Fiddlehead*. Her poem "Why I Love Nancy Drew" evokes a very familiar period in the lives of many young girls.

She told the audience she couldn't read the poem because it was censored by a family member who took issue with a "bad" word. Here's an excerpt from "Why I Love Nancy Drew":

Because she had a girlfriend named George.

Because in high school she didn't give a fuck about the football captain, prom dates or getting laid.

Because she liked to read and hang out with the girls, instead of doing makeovers and manicures.

—

Because she followed her crazy hunches while others followed their men, because she searched out dark corners alone, didn't scream at bats, wasn't afraid to use a knife.

While most of the established women chose unknown poets, Lorna Crozier, one of Canada's most prolific and esteemed literary voices, chose Brad Cran, Aislinn Hunter and Suzanne Buffam, poets who are already proving themselves on the literary scene.

Whatever the interpretation of what constitutes an emerging writer, the evening resembled a poetry marathon of the finest calibre. Each writer read one poem from their published work.

Before the reading began, Musgrave treated several of the evening's participants to a little impromptu performance theatre by gluing more plastic toys to her car out in the gallery's parking lot.

The gallery's spacious Colin and Sylvia Graham Gallery offered standing room only. Dozens of faces captured in C. D. Hoy's black and white photos of Canada's turn-of-the-century frontier stared impassively at the audience.

The frontier theme was appropriate for a group of poets exploring new territory. Susan Musgrave's picks, including Fran Bourassa, Elsie K. Neufeld and Ben Perry are examples of writers going with gusto where they never imagined themselves only a short time ago.

Before Bourassa read her poem "To My Father," she mentioned coming from a small town, and never having imagined her work published and read before a crowd filled with recognized writers.

She read a poem about the night of her conception, with her father, the bus driver, hurrying back along slicked roads to her mother.

Brock, a recent UVic graduate of history and environmental studies, says she only began writing within the last year. The fear of writing bad poetry kept her from exploring her poetic potential.

She said being published in *Breaking the Surface* serves as an affirmation of her abilities. "It's a push. It says 'hey, you should be writing'."

When initially approached by Sono Nis, Lorna Crozier said she knew immediately she wanted Vancouver poet Brad Cran included. She chose writers who "not only were very talented at the time, but after graduation [from UVic's creative writing department] had gone on and done things in the poetry world that were very exciting."

"[Brad] was a logical choice. Not only did I love his poetry but I think he's doing Yeoman work in terms of the province and eventually the rest of Canada."

Cran is no stranger to the literary scene as co-founder of Smoking Lung Press and editor of its anthology *Hammer and Tongs*, released last year. Cran promotes other young writers through his press and his work for the Vancouver Writer's Festival.

For Cran, the honour of being included in *Breaking the Surface* lies in having been chosen by Crozier.

Cran says he likes the diverse aspect of the book. He says, however, that the "emerging" designation is of little importance. "Writing poems is important no matter what stage you're going through. Those stages of development are equally important and valid."

These writers are on the verge of exploding onto the Canadian poetic scene; this is one explosion you don't want to miss.

In the introduction to *Breaking the Surface*, Rogers writes: "We are all evolving mammals and, like the humpback whales, our songs change and remain the same as we move from season to season, element to element.

"This book is about

surprises, the sound and taste of the familiar repeating itself in fresh permutations." In the case of the fifteen new writers in *Breaking the Surface*, nothing could be closer to the truth.

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offers Canada's only recognized four-year, full-time professional program educating doctors of naturopathic medicine, licensed general practitioners in natural medicine.

Naturopathic medical students receive more than 4,500 hours of instruction in basic medical sciences, diagnostic medical sciences and naturopathic therapies.

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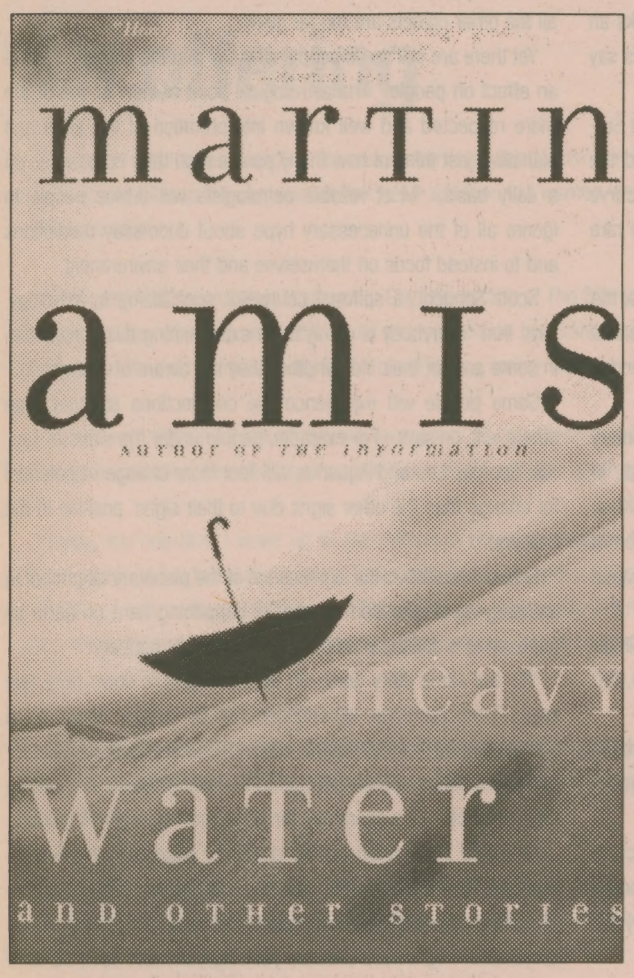
Heavy Water: dip your head into the luke warm



Heavy Water
Martin Amis
Vintage Canada, 1999
$18.95

BY DAVE CLEMENTS

It's difficult to dislike the work of a novelist who uses adjectives like "uxorious."

That's just the kind of literary pretense one expects from Martin Amis – "one of the most unlikeable satirists of his generation," according to *Time* magazine.

He's brash, witty and arrogant. Yet at the same time, his novels are usually quite charming.

It's why Amis can get away with a collection of caustic essays like *Visiting Mrs. Nabokov*, where Amis skewers everything from Ronald Reagan to Graham Greene. It's the same reason Amis sold millions of copies of his last novel, *The Information*, about two equally miserable novelists who try to destroy each other while they pretend to be uxorious in their domestic lives.

If this collection is any indication, however, the same cannot be said for Amis' short stories.

Whereas the format of a novel allows Amis time and space to sharpen his knife, and the essay allows him to plunge it deeply and directly, the short story seems an odd fit for him.

Sure, they seem fine when you read them after the *Harper's* Index or before the *New Yorker's* Talk of the Town. Left on their own however, they seem blunt and uninspired.

In ths collection, Amis throws readers ham-fisted punches, like a super-heavyweight at the local gym.

Take "Career Move," for example, a satire that has a poet and a screenwriter switch places, ha ha. The poet attends flashy premieres of the latest sonnet with Gwyneth-like starlets on his arm, while screenwriter toils away in penniless obscurity.

On the surface, this sounds appealing, but it's not. The story is obvious, clumsy and tepid. It provides no revelations, and fewer insights.

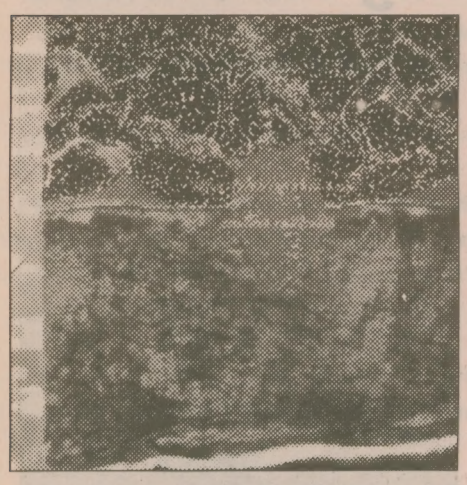
Then there's "Denton's Death," a short story about a man dreaming of being murdered and then he's murdered. Even an amusing literary form (which has the last paragraph of the story consisting of the first sentences of all the preceeding paragraphs) didn't save this one.

The worst of these stories exhibit tired racial and sexual clichés and stereotypes that weren't even acceptable when the earliest of these stories were written in the mid-1970s.

In ths collection, Amis throws readers ham-fisted punches, like a super-heavyweight at the local gym. Unfortunately, he's at his best when he's trying to finesse the reader out of their comfort zone, and as soon as he accomplishes this, he knocks the daylights out of them.

Unless you're an Amis fanatic (in which case you've already read all of these previously-published stories), you're better off saving your money for Amis' newest offering, *Experience: A Memoir*. That book should be in stores by the time you read this, or will be very shortly.

Driving, aggressive bands promise lyrical odyssey



Appleseed Cast
Mare Vitalis
Deep Elm Records

BY LINDSAY COOPER

Straight from Lawrence Kansas, Christopher Crisci (vocals, guitar), Aaron Pillar (guitar, vocals), Marc Young (bass), and Josh Baruth (drums), have done it again. *Mare Vitalis* (which means 'sea life'), is a beautiful, driving album. The songs are like stories, constantly twisting and turning. It is powerful, dynamic and aggressive. Appleseed Cast never disappoint me. Their intimate emo sound sets them apart from other bands of this kind. It is worthy of buying and adding to any collection. It flows like a tide, moving in and out with climaxes of sound and energy. Appleseed Cast is pure magic.

"Flow, tide, ebb, road, night, sky, sand home. The fair in the park by the sea in my heart is never gone."

Planes Mistaken For Stars:
w/ Andre's Last Chance,
and Intrepid Shapiro
April 6 2000 @ The GSpot

BY LINDSAY COOPER

Firstly, Planes Mistaken for Stars are not only awesome musicians, but also one of the nicest groups I have had the privilege of meeting. As for the show, Gared O'Donnell (vocals, guitar), Matt Bellinger (guitar, vocals), Jamie Drier (bass), and Mike Ricketts (drums) were jumping, screaming, pounding drums, swinging guitars around like weapons, pure hardcore poetry in motion.

Planes Mistaken For Stars vocalist sings up a fuckin' storm at the G-Spot.
Martlet photo by Lindsay Cooper

The G-Spot was decked out in christmas lights, a disco ball and artwork galore – a good setting for the event. The opening bands were Andre's Last Chance and Intrepid Shapiro, both from Victoria.

Intrepid Shapiro dazzled me once again with their emotionally driven sound; man I love that band! (Be sure to check them out in the mid-summer.)

Planes Mistaken For Stars had a long haul up to Victoria, but they seemed to enjoy everything when they arrived. The album *Knife in the Marathon*, is a mix of intensely aggressive, screaming, churning of guitars that "burn and smolder of raw post-hardcore emotion." It was recorded during their summer '99 tour. Their previous releases include *Fucking Fight* 7 inch (Dim-Mak, 2000), *Appleseed Cast/Planes Mistaken For Stars/Race Car Riot* cd (Deep Elm), *Planes Mistaken For Stars*, self-titled (1999), a 10 inch on Deep Elm, and they also appear on the Deep Elm sampler *Records For The Working Class No.2*.

My personal favourite on *Knife In The Marathon*, is "'66 Crush." It is both angry and beautiful. The vocals are by far the best part; it goes from an overlapping of singers to screams, then on to more slurred talking. Amazing.

As for the lyrics, they are mostly about leaving, the refusal to let things die, and what should have been said. It is in memory of Ryan Rhodes, Brock Phillips and Eric Callen, obviously close to the band, although the connection is never stated.

Listen to Planes Mistaken For Stars for their lyrics, their musical impact, their energy and raw creativity, or even because it is bands like this that make shows more fun.

Fast track to a career in information technology.

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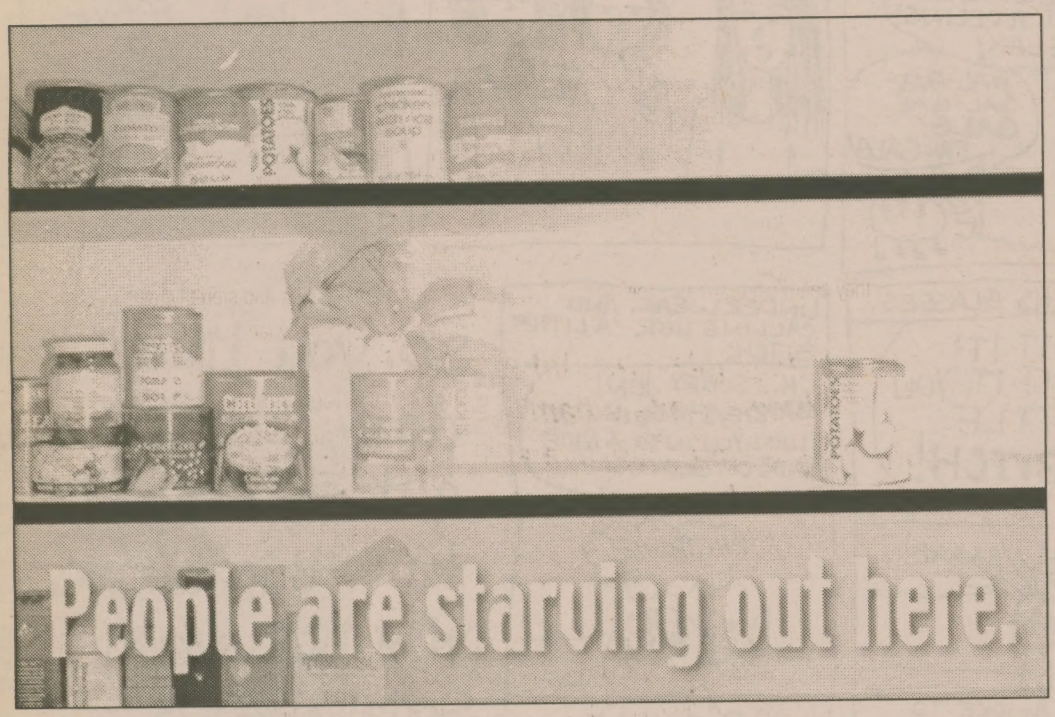
When Mother Hubbard's cupboard runs dry... a look at student poverty



BY MARGARET SPEIRS

Holly Calver's fridge is empty except for ketchup and mustard. The food in her cupboards, soup and macaroni and cheese, was given to her by an aunt who runs the North Shore Food Bank.

However, it sits unopened because her can opener is broken and she can't afford milk. "Right now, things suck," she says.

Despite having a student loan and working three jobs, Calver, 20, a third-year Child and Youth Care major at UVic, still has trouble putting food on the table. "A student loan doesn't do squat," she says.

"The money starts to run out in November and second semester I get less. I've had up to four jobs at a time [while] going to school. I shouldn't have to [do that much]. It's really depressing."

Calver is one example of why the University of Victoria Students' Society (UVSS) is campaigning for a student food bank. "The average student is less able to manage the financial burden [of paying for school]. There are students here who are not able to eat on a daily basis. We see how fast the food goes [at the Free Food Place]," says Kari Worton, UVSS director of academics. At present, there is no money for the Free Food Place much less a food bank but Worton has several ideas. Students could turn in the unused portion of their food cards and the money would go towards the purchase of food. Food hampers could be made up from grocery store donations and be given to students. Worton says that maybe the food hamper system would only be able to give out food every two weeks to a certain number of students or families but it would be a start.

"We talk about education being a right but not a lot of people would disagree that food is a basic right." Nicole Borthwick, executive for Students with Disabilities at Camosun's Lansdowne Campus, has used Camosun College's food bank off and on since she started school three years ago.

"[The food bank] is okay in terms of resources but always runs out of food. People line up for food vouchers and [aren't allowed to have one] unless they have been without one for the last month because [there is so much demand]."

She says that there are 25 people on the food bank's wait list. Each month 15 people on the list get a $10 food voucher.

As well, a resource list is given out that provides the names of places that offer food to students, such as the Salvation Army. "It's tough because [the food bank] can't feed everyone [even though] the need is definitely there."

According to financial aid services at UVic 30 to 40 per cent of post-secondary students across Canada have student loans. These numbers haven't changed in the last decade.

Robin MacLeod, who has been a financial aid officer at the University of Victoria for 25 years, says that even though tuition costs have been frozen, the cost of living has continued to increase.

The government has established that a single student living away from home needs $10,500 for tuition, books, living expenses and transportation costs for one school year.

However, that same student applying for government assistance gets $8, 840. He says it assumes the students have savings and part-time work.

"The emphasis is on the student to get a good summer job to [have] a decent level of savings or [to obtain] part-time work during the school year. [If students work], how do [they] make time for academics?" He says Victoria has the second highest cost of living in the country after Vancouver. The city's economy is service-oriented and the health of the industry determines whether jobs are available.

Over the year, students can get retail jobs but they aren't high-paying and the hospitality industry may not allow the student to make sufficient amounts of money in wages and tips if business is poor.

When you [look at] what the government gives us, it is well below the poverty line and that's [before you subtract out] tuition and books.

"Students can only budget so far with the resources they have. Some borrow on their [credit cards] or from a girlfriend [to get by].

"Occasionally, I look in disbelief at how little a student had to work with and how [he]managed to get this far."

UVic recruitment coordinator Deb Penner says most jobs available for students are in the area of general labour, childcare and sales and service and average about $9 per hour.

"Quite often these jobs are short term or part-time. They might even be a one-time thing or a few hours per week only."

Calver has experienced limited job options in her field. One of her three jobs won't have any hours for her over the summer, another is only 12 hours per week and the third one provides 10 hours per week but will be discontinued after another month.

"To find work in [Child and Youth Care], [I] have to start off as a relief worker. [I] can't find full or part-time work."

Erin Cowan, 21, a second-year psychology and environmental studies double major at Camosun College, says she is also struggling.

She has a student loan, a bank loan, works 10 hours per week and says it isn't enough.

"I haven't had money for the last month and a half. It doesn't stretch. I don't think [the government] realizes how we live.

"When you [look at] what the government gives us, it is well below the poverty line and that's [before you subtract out] tuition and books."

Her fridge contains peanut butter, half a loaf of frozen bread, two carrots, condiments and garlic. There's spaghetti in her cupboard but no sauce.

She says that she knows a lot of people who don't have any money. "[I know] one guy who had a can of beans for dinner, another had noodles for lunch and dinner. They aren't eating properly but they're eating [what they can]," she says.

Gayla Baranieski and Nancy Ellen Mabey are student success facilitators at Camosun College. They assist students with concerns over registration, support and resources, such as housing and food.

They run a social drop-in every week on Wednesdays at lunchtime. Students are provided with coffee, tea and popcorn.

Between 40 to 50 students show up at each campus during this time. "A lot of students make the popcorn their lunch," says Baranieski.

"People can't depend on [food vouchers] every month so they have to figure out [what they can do] for next month," Mabey says. "Often [it's not until a person is in a] crisis that they ask for help so there's a lot more [people in need] than we know about."

Calver agrees. "I know I'm not the only one in this situation sitting here practically starving at the moment. There [has] to be other students. The term 'starving student' [had to come from somewhere]."

Cowan says she has a solution in mind. "I wish I could take [the government] and make them live for a year like I do. [I'd like to] bring them all home with me and [get them to] make a meal out of what [I] have in my fridge and see how they do."

Mindfulness: slow down at new Tai Chi centre

BY LESLEY FARLEY

Last week the Taoist Tai Chi Society of Canada hosted an open house in Vic West to celebrate the grand opening of the Victoria Centre.

The facility will be used for the teaching and practice of Taoist arts in Victoria. All instructors are volunteers and branches operate on a non-profit basis.

The day's festivals included chanting and shrine rededication to Guan Yin, the patron immortal representing compassion.

People dressed in blue robes were chanting and rising up and down to pray to what looked like a brightly decorated mirror with incense on the mantle which represented the shrine.

This was followed by the Chinese Lion dance, which consisted of two boys under a brightly coloured dragon costume, one posing at the butt and the other as the head, almost bringing it to life.

It was hard to keep your eyes off this great dancing visual beast, and out of nowhere it started spitting cabbage from its mouth.

Speeches were made by representatives of the Tai Chi Society of Canada, including the president who opened the centre by the cutting of a red ribbon. Members of the Tai Chi Society demonstrated a series of 108 moves, slowly extending their iimbs to the fullest range of motion.

This provides a stretch for tendons throughout the body. As the group synchronized with each other in slow movement I wondered how they managed to remember all the moves.

With a group it usually takes about three months to learn the basic movements but there is a lot of patience involved to hold their positions. Emphasis is put on the emptiness of the mind and strength through softness.

This is noted as "stillness in movement," energizing internal organs also and circulating energy through mind and body.

I noticed that the majority of Tai Chi members are not really young, since younger people would probably tear their hair out with impatience and in need of variation in stretching.

The sword demonstrations, contrary to what it may sound like, were also slow gentle movements. The sword seemed to be used as an extension of the spine, as it was pointed in one direction then the other.

The demonstrators looked like a bunch of warriors without a costume, turning with one another on a pedestal. Jai, a celebratory Chinese feast was prepared for the public outside, and inside for seniors.

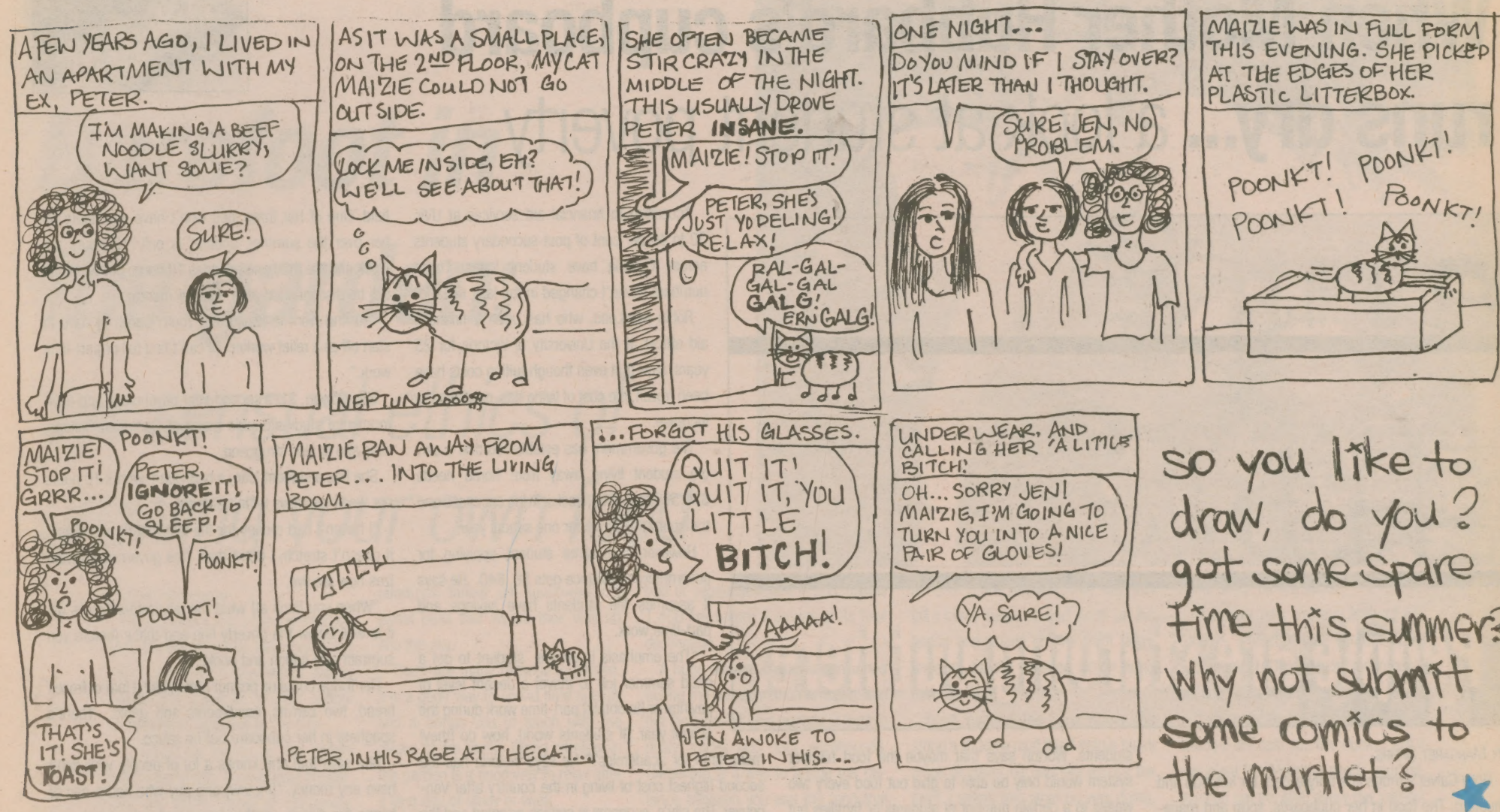
One of the speakers mentioned that Tai Chi helps to exercise the joints.

Another benefit of Tai Chi is that most people can do the entire set regardless of handicap.

Tai Chi can be adapted to suit specific needs. It is a moving meditation and a highly respected martial art. The sole measure of Tai Chi is that movement is beneficial to improve health.

The founder, Master Moy Lin-Shin has inspired others by dedicating his life to helping others. Being compassionate, sharing knowledge and helping others improve their health is part of Taoist values.

Tai Chi for beginners start at the end of May, on different days of the week and run until August. The Taoist Tai Chi Society is located at 865 Catherine Street. You can contact them at 383-4103 or http://www.taoist.org


A FEW YEARS AGO, I LIVED IN AN APARTMENT WITH MY EX, PETER.
I'M MAKING A BEEF NOODLE SLURRY, WANT SOME?
SURE!
AS IT WAS A SMALL PLACE, ON THE 2ND FLOOR, MY CAT MAIZIE COULD NOT GO OUTSIDE.
LOCK ME INSIDE, EH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
NEPTUNE2000
SHE OFTEN BECAME STIR CRAZY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. THIS USUALLY DROVE PETER INSANE.
MAIZIE! STOP IT!
PETER, SHE'S JUST YODELING! RELAX!
RAL-GAL-GAL-GAL GALG! ERN GALG!
ONE NIGHT...
DO YOU MIND IF I STAY OVER? IT'S LATER THAN I THOUGHT.
SURE JEN, NO PROBLEM.
MAIZIE WAS IN FULL FORM THIS EVENING. SHE PICKED AT THE EDGES OF HER PLASTIC LITTERBOX.
POONKT! POONKT! POONKT! POONKT!
MAIZIE! STOP IT! GRRR...
POONKT!
PETER, IGNORE IT! GO BACK TO SLEEP!
POONKT!
POONKT!
POONKT!
THAT'S IT! SHE'S TOAST!
MAIZIE RAN AWAY FROM PETER... INTO THE LIVING ROOM.
ZZZZZ
PETER, IN HIS RAGE AT THE CAT...
...FORGOT HIS GLASSES.
QUIT IT! QUIT IT, YOU LITTLE BITCH!
AAAAA!
JEN AWOKE TO PETER IN HIS...
UNDERWEAR, AND CALLING HER 'A LITTLE BITCH!
OH... SORRY JEN! MAIZIE, I'M GOING TO TURN YOU INTO A NICE PAIR OF GLOVES!
YA, SURE!

so you like to draw, do you? got some spare time this summer? Why not submit some comics to the martlet?

on campus

To help celebrate the grand opening of the Trans Canada Trail, Athletics & Recreational Services invites you to participate in the President's Fit Walk **June 2 from noon to 1:00 p.m.** In the spirit of West Coast enthusiasm, come dressed in your favourite outdoor gear. See you there with snorkel on. For more information, contact 721-8721.

Your bicycle deserves to be safe and dry. Rent a UVic bike locker now. Students pay $5 until the end of April or $21 until the end of August. Faculty/Staff pay $8 until end of April or $28 until end of August. Key deposit required. Visit SUB Info Booth or phone 721-8355. More Info at web.uvic.ca/uvbikes.

Your bicycle deserves to be safe and dry. Rent a UVic biker locker now. Students pay $16, faculty/staff pay $20 until the end of August. Key deposit required.

off campus

Opening at Gallery 1248. Broken Beauty, paintings and mixed media works by Suzanne Northcott, opens **May 15** and runs to **June 2** at 1248 Fort St. 383-1248.

Art Gallery of Greater Victoria. First Son: Portraits by C.D. Hoy, to **May 21**. Richard Hunt: Through My Father's Eyes, to **August 27** (Hunt carves 10 a.m. - 1 p.m. each Tuesday) at 1040 Moss. Call 384-4101.

XChanges Gallery. The Mayday Erotica Invitational remains well-hung to **May 26** at 420 William St. 382-0442.

Rogue Art's fourth annual RPM:The Lost Art of LP Covers fundraiser featuring 50+ artists doing 12 inch record sleeves (each for the low, low price of $33). Open **8-11 p.m. May 12** and runs to **May 28** on the fourth floor, Eaton Centre. 385-3327.

Open Space is presenting Musique Actuelle on **Friday, May 26** at **8 p.m.** This one -time concert of German pianist Georg Graewe will be performing with one half the Vancouver quartet Talking Pictures (Ron Samworth and Dylan VanDer Schyff) promises to be an exciting and unusual evening. Tickets are available at the door, $10 general/$8 members/students.

The Victoria Jazz Society is getting ready to host the 16th annual JazzFest International. The festival runs from June 23 to July 2. Performers include Holly Cole, Rickie Lee Jones, Jonny Lang, Ottmar Liebert and his band Luna Negra, to name a few. For tickets call the Jazz Society/JazzFest Office at 388-4423.

The Moss Street Market has started another season of markets Check out the huge variety of vendors, vegetables, crafts and delicious foods. Markets, located at Sir James Douglas (Thurlow and Moss), start at **10 a.m. and run until 2 p.m. every Saturday** throughout summer.

James Bay Market. This popular food and craft market returns **9 a.m.- 3 p.m. every Saturday** through the summer at the corner of Menzies and Superior (there's cake!). 388-3138.

Exhibit at the new Mosaic Gallery celebrating Big Womens runs **June 2 to June 8**. Followed by exhibit by local, up-and-coming artists. Located at 1059 Fort Street. Call 388-9930 for more information.

Government Street Market has begun an exciting season of markets again. Drop by to check out the huge selection of vendors, the music, the atmosphere, and fantastic functional gift ideas. This street market is located between Fisgard and Pandora streets and runs **Sundays & Holdiays** from **11 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.**

tutors

The Thinkery Tutoring services (Arts/humanities): 1st Draft Analysis, Proofreading, Mentor Programme, Distance Education, Support, University Prep, etc. Free consultation if required. Janet 595-8438.

A – ffect Tutoring: Philosophy, English, education. $15/hour. Call Carlos 704-6683.

Professional writer (B.A.) will tutor English/ESL. Amaryllis 592-0976.

announcements

Victoria School of Writing, July 18 - 21, 2000. Don't miss this unique opportunity to engage in these exciting and intense four-day creative writing workshops. This year's line-up: Anne Fleming (fiction), Patrick Lane (fiction), Joan McLeod (playwriting), Susan Mayse (works-in-progress), Mark Zuehlke (non-fiction), Jody Paterson (media writing), and Don McKay (poetry). Space is limited, so hurry up and register. Limited scholarship funding is available. For more information phone 595-3000, or check out the website at www.Islandnet.com/VicWrite or e-mail vicwrite@islandnet.com.

Come get your money! Before you take off for parts unknown, come request your cheque at SUBtext for consignment sales! We only hold last year's money until August 31 so come on in!

Pets for sale: Adorable star toy puppies: (small maltipoos blonde & blacks non shed easy grooming, $350. Call 381-9231

Did You Know? Subtext sells phone cards that are the best deal in town! Calling internationally? how about France, 3.59¢/min? Japan 4.5¢, Mexico 8.9¢, U.K 1.9¢.– connection fee applies. Get phone your card today!

Leaving town? Too much stuff? The Canadian Diabetes Association will pick up clothes at your place for free! Call 380-3024. It's for a great cause!

Concerned about clubs policy? Want to be involved in altering it? come to the UVic Students' Society organizational development meeting June 8, noon, Sub 1106.

help wanted

Painters and marketers wanted asap. 7-10$ to start experience not necessary. vehicle an asset. 413-6677

volunteers

Interested in being involved with Victoria's writing community? Are you a writer seeking involvement with those sharing your enthusiasm for the pen? Computer keyboard/screen? World of the word? The Victoria School of Writing understands your literary needs. It also depends on people just like you! We rely on the contributions of volunteers for the school's success. If you find yourself with some spare time this summer, come on out and help. Call Jessica Weirmier at 477-7817 for information.

hey you!

Hooray to lawn mower guy for paying for his paper, not stealing it ! Good Subtext karma will come to you!

Goodbye Mocha-pie, you're missed. I shouldn't have left town as long as I did.

Just two more weeks, baby. two more weeks and a little rockin' in the bed sheets for you and me. And rockin' on the couch, desk, shower, beach...

M, S, K & B, hope the move (s) is/are in the right direction. But Super C could still kill Big K's ass.

Lady B, (& Lady Dee) it might be belated, but very happy 'b' day nonetheless.

Karla, Karla, Karla of the Korn, it's your birthday and you can yell at people on buses all you wish. xo your neighbs.

He's back and he's as bad as ever.

All religious clubs and organizations advertising on the billboards page must adhere to the following statement: "Everyone is welcome. We oppose discrimination on the basis of race, gender and sexuality."

billboard rates

students & clubs	$2/issue
non-students	$2/line
businesses	$5.50/line
hey you!	$1/issue